Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be reſolued.
king Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,
There's ſuch diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treaſon dares not looke on.
Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we moſt ſory for it,
Being the chiefeſt piller of our ſtate:
Therefore will you like a moſt deſperate gamſter,
Swoop-ſtake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?
Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
king Why now you ſpeake like a moſt louing ſonne:
And that in ſoule we ſorrow for for his death,
Your ſelfe ere long ſhall be a witneſſe,
Meane while be patient, and content your ſelfe.
Enter Ofelia as before.
Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere ſiſter!
I'ſt poſſible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans ſawe?
O heau'ns themſelues! how now *Ofelia*?
Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's ſome for me too: you muſt weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's roſemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
And there's panſey for thoughts.
Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!
Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they ſay the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we ſee what we are,
But can not tell what we ſhall be.

For bonny ſweete Robin is all my ioy.
Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worſe than hell.
Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you ſhall ſing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the falſe ſteward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, ſay you this.
To morrow is ſaint Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man roſe, and dan'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By giſſe, and by ſaint Charitie,
Away, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promiſed me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadſt not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*
Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My ſiſter thus diſtracted:
Curſed be his ſoule that wrought this wicked act.
king Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of ſorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you ſuch a hapleſſe ſonne.
Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le ſtriue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,